drops two or three of her flowers. To see

drops two or three of her flowers. To see auntie—auntie out of temper! Why, it is a thing unheard of. "To accuse my dear girl to me, of a thing so terrible. Really, my dear, I teel I ought to do something, I do indeed. I should take some step. What would you advise me to do, my dear?"

"Nothing, auntie," says Brenda fondly, who indeed knows the little staying power there is in Lady Carysfort's hursts of course.

there is in Lady Carysfort's bursts of cour-age. "What could one do with a man like

To accuse her openly, in writing, of so vile a crime!"

a crime!"
"It was certainly very unfortunate that
Lord Wyvis should have left England just
now," says Brenda, with a deep sigh. "Why
couldn't he have waited for another week
or two, like all the rest of the world?

Really," with an impatient movement, "men are all alike. Worry, thy child is

"Oh! no, my dear! Your poor uncle! He was an angel!" says Lady Carysfort, who had, however, suffered many things in her time from that particular angel. "But Sir

"He is the other thing," says Brenda, with a faint smile, and a shrug of her shoulder. "And a bad one at that."
"Denrest child! You are too young to speak like that. We should never be uncharitable, Brenda. But honestly I don't believe that man will aver reach because

"Still, consider-and to her own aunt.

who is raging with indignation. That little

"At all events," continues he, as airily as ever, "permit me to say that I think

there is very little good in your-cousin, is

"I should always wonder at you as long

"I should always wonder at you as long as I lived," says she coldly.

"You evidently regard me as one in a thousand," returns he, laughing still.

"Yes. And am thankful so to regard you," says she, calmly.

"What a hypocrite you sre!" exclaims he, suddenly. "You know everything, and yet you pretend to know nothing."

"Know what?"

"Everything."

"There you are wrong."

"There you are wrong."

"Brends, what do you mean?" says Lady Carysfort, stopping short with three bottles and two fans in her hands. "Surely he did "He does not care," thinks she to herself.
"He does not care, though poor sweet Rhoda has been driven to fight the world alone, single-handed, because of him." It adds fire to her wrath—this thought.

"At all avanta" continues he as girily

not dare—"
"Oh! he dared too much," cries the girl
passionately. "He dared to—to try to
touch me!" She stamps her foot again.
A passionate exclamation from Gerald is
followed by almost as vigorous a one from
Tom. Gerald, even in the midst of his
agitation, hears it and looks at his brother.
It is a short glance but eloquent. Then he
looks hack at Branda. it not?"

"I wonder," says the girl, looking at him with a pale face full of contemptuous indignation, "that you dare to speak to me of my cousin."

"You wonder, and yet you know nothing!" He laughs low. "Why, that explains itself, of course. If you did know anything," with an insolent glance at her, "you would not wonder any longer why I durad." looks back at Brenda.
"He—that scoundrel," says he, as if

"He—that seoundrel," says he, as if choking, "he—touched you?"
"Oh! no, no, no!" says she vehemently, putting up her hands as if to ward off such a terrible idea.
"You withered him with a glance," cries Lady Carysfort. "You defeated him by a word. I can see you, Brenda. Su h dignity, such grace. You are indeed my own niece. He shrank from you, the coward! You reduced him to ashes—as it were—by a curl of the lips. Would I had been there to see it." to see it."
"It wasn't quite that, auntie," falter-

ingly.
"It was, my dearest, but brave hearts are always modest! Tom—Gerald. Can you not imagine the scene? That big bad man, cowed by one imperious word from your sweet cousin.

"Oh, auntie, it wasn't a word!" says
Brenda, now in deep distress.
"No, darling, then—then what—?"
"It—it was as good a slap as I could give "Well, dearest, a slap given judiciously

hurts the spirit very much."
"Oh! But it was his face I hurt," says Brenda, covering her eyes with both her "My dear-you mean-"
"That I boxed his ears!" says Brenda

faintly. There is a dead silence, broken by Ton **Renrick, who gives way to violent mirth.

"Well done, yourself! you little Amazon!" says be. "Though in truth you have disappointed me; I had hoped for the poker. What could those little hands of yours do?"
"Ah! too much?" says she, speaking
still from behind them. Now, however,
she peeps through her finger, first at Tom and then at Gerald. "The man's a fiend !" says Lady Carysfort

"He's more than that. He's a scoundrel!" says Gerald passionately.
"Not much to choose between them,

says Tom. "Where is he, however? This fiendish scoundrel. Did you floor him, Brenda?—is he weltering in his blood on auntie's best carpet?" "He has gone, of course," said Brenda.
"May I ask what incited him to his

"Well, I-I told him he was the most vulgar man I ever met!" says B. enda, hang-ing her pretty head.

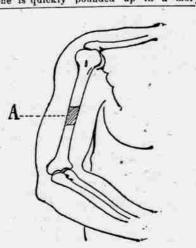
Tom Kenrick laughs again. "Fancy his caring about that!" says he. [To be continued next Sunday,]

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GRAFTING RABBIT BONK

How Surgeons Piece Out the Human Arm in Bad Cases of Fracture.

A lumberman named Smith has just recovered in San Francisco from a remarkable surgical operation. His arm was broken and when partly knit broken again. The parts would not unite and a section of rabbit bone was successfully used to make the arm perfect again. The process is as follows: The rabbit is thoroughly treated so as to kill all the germs. Then it is killed by a blow on the neck, and the surgeon lays bare with a scalpel the long bone of the hind ieg. The bone is cut from its place with pliers and thrown into a vessel full of the corrosive sublimate, and all is then ready for the actual grafting. The patient is given ether until unconscious, and in such a case as that of Smith the arm is freely incised over the spot at which the break occurred. When the bone is fully exposed the ends of the fragments are well scraped, or if necessary bits are cut away so that the ends shall present clean, new sur faces. When the scraping is finished the wound is thoroughly washed with an anti-septic solution, the washing extending to every part and being continued until it is that no particle of unsound certain flesh or bone remains. Then the rabbit bone is quickly pounded up in a mor



The Grafted Arm. tar into fragments, which are thoroughly washed with the mercurial solution, and with the fragments of rabbit bone the space between the ends of the broken bone in the arm of the patient is packed. A final douche of antiseptic fluid is given and the wound is closed and left under light dressings, the arm being fastened to a splint. The letter A in the illustration indicates the location

of the graft. If all goes well there is little or no inflammation. Evidences of healing are at once shown. The rabbit bone is partly ab-sorbed and from the human bone are thrown out processes which enter into the bone material stolen from the rabbit. Blood vessels are formed in the new material, and in time a new and sound bone replaces that which was fractured and the man is restored to health and ability to make a living by manual labor.

Baskets Instead of Hats.

At Phyong Yang, a large and historical town near the west coast of Corea, Mr. Charles, of the British Consulate at Seoul, records that the hats worn by the poor women are baskets three and a half feet long, two and half feet wide, and two and a half feet deep, which conceal their faces as effectually as the white cloak worn by women of a better class over their heads.

WHAT IS CATARRES?

The Opinion of an Eminent Medical Au thority. Catarrh is the cause of more diseases tha all other causes combined. There are very few diseases to which human flesh is sub ject that can not be traced directly to catarrh. Not only is catarrh capable of producing a great variety of diseases, but i also attacks any organ or part of the body. It causes in the ears deafness, in the eyes

the death of President Garfield; there was no legal necessity for his taking it a second time, but it has always been the custom for the Chief Justice of the United States to administer the cath, so that Mr. Arthur merely tollowed precedent in taking the oath, more formally than at his home, before Chief Justice Waite in the Capitol at Washington.

blindness, in the head and throat discharges and offensive odors, in the bronchial tubes What is the speed of electricity? F. J. T. Electricity, where unretarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of numerous for mention. Pe-ru-na cures catarrh and all catarrhal diseases wherever 288,000 miles a second. Along a trie it is, of course, vastly slower; a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams over long located. Pe-ru-na is a systemic remedy, and hence cures catarrh of internal organs, as no local application to the affected organ is necessary. Send for a free copy of the Family Physician No. 2. Address the Pedistancer.

NOTES AND QUERIES. Answers to the Questions Put by

Curious Dispatch Readers. THE FAMOUS FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

low to Discover Whether Ancestors Were in the Revolution.

VERY REMARKABLE CITY IN NORWAY

Why should one "remember the 5th of November," as a friend sang the other day— something about "Remember, remember, the fifth of November?" DEG. Your friend sang the beginning of an old English song, the origin of which we do not know, the whole of which, however, is

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason.
Should ever be forgot.

November 5, 1605, was the day on which he English Parliament was to meet at the Parliament House in London. On the night of November 4, or early in the morning of the 5th, the discovery was made of famous "gunpowder plot," the object of which was to blow up Parliament, King, Lords and Commons, and thus remedy with sharp correction a terrible disease of the body politic. There was no suspicion of personal revenge connected with the plot. Some Roman Catholic gentleman, angered that their efforts to obtain the English throne for the Scotch King had obtained as reward only the re-enactment of Elizabeth's laws against them and their co-religionists, determined to remove James in such a way as to strike terror among those opposed to the Roman Catholics. Robert Catesby was the leader of the conspiracy; he had suffered much under Elizabeth for his religion's sake, and was wholly disaffected to James. Ohers were Catesby's cousins. Thomas Winter, Thomas Percy, John Wright, Garnet, the superior of the Jesuits in England, Robert Winter, Christopher Wright, Sir William Stanley, Francis Tresham, Rokewood, Keyes and Sir Everard Digby. Catesby laid the plan before Thomas Winter early in 1604; in May, despairing of help from Spain in securing the repeal of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, the conspirators began to work. They hired Vinegar House, a building adjoining the Parliament House, and put Guy Fawkes, a Yorkshireman, in charge of the place, and of the tunnel and mine. All was prepared in May 1605. The intention was to kill James and Henry, the Prince of Wales; to seize Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth and raise the Roman Catholic gentry; and with the new king (Charles would succeed to the throne on the death of his father and brother) in the hands of the Roman Catholics, to compel the repeal of the obnoxious laws. Ten days before the meeting of Parliament, Lord Monteagle, a friend of several of the

conspirators, was warned not to attend the opening; he showed the letter to Salisbury, Secretary of State to the King, who showed it to James; and every precaution was taken. Winter was warned that all was discovered and the others were advised to fly; but all waited. On November 4, the Lord Chamberlain discovered Fawkes in a vault of the Parliament House, where a great quantity of fuel was stored; he became suspicious, and ordered Sir Thomas Knevet to make a stricter search; Sir Thomas did so, and found 36 barrels of gunpowder under the fuel. Fawkes was arrested, and under torture, confessed. On January 30, 1606, four of the conspirators were drawn, hanged and quartered; and on January 31, Winter, Rokewood, Keyes and Fawkes were executed. The others were executed as they were captured, some of them having been killed when Catesby's house was attacked. The plot had evil effects for the Roman Catholics, for the laws against them were made much strictor. November 5 was ordered to be kept as a day of thanksgiving and the form of thanksgiving services was removed from the English prayer book. It was customary in England on November 5 children to make an effigy of Guy Fawkes, to carry it about the streets in a chair, singing the song about which "De-cember" asked, and finally to burn it on a bonfire. It is said that the whole "plot" was devised by Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, to give him an excuse to proceed against the Roman Catholics; but the statement is not

so well evidenced as that given above. Show how it was impossible for the dark ess that occurred at the time of Christ's

The question is not settled yet.

tion. Can you tell me how I may find

States have caused records to be made of the revolutionary soldiers. New Jersey plete list of her soldiers. Write to the Adjutant General of the State wherein your ancestors lived in 1776-83. He will undoubtedly be able to give you some ac-count of them if they did serve as soldiers

In what European city can one see the sum at midnight during the summer, and why is it so? R. W. H.

In Hammerfest in Norway, the most northerly town of Europe. It is a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, the principal business of which has to do with the fisheries In the summer, though the earth is more distant from the sun than in winter, its axis points almost directly at the sun, so that the north polar regions are directly under its rays, and for two months are not cut off from it by the horizon.

He took it first as soon as he had heard of

thousands visit Europe for yearly, that is the natural Sprudel Salt of Carlsbad. It is obtained by evaporation at the Springs, and is identical with the waters in its action and results. which are the same to-day as when Emperor Charles, IV. was cured four hundred years ago, and later George III., Peter the Great, and Maria Theresa benefited by their use. They aid digestion, cure constipation, and purify the blood.

you may have what

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prefer to follow the nationality of his teachers that he might get a thorough musi-parents, and consider himself an alien; or cal education. He can safely be ranked he may consider himself as a citizen, assuming the nationality of his birthplace. If he choose the second alternative he may vote without taking out naturalization papers, because he is a citizen by birth.

Why cannot residents of the District of Columbia vote in Presidental elections? Do they vote on municipal matters? A. K.

The District of Columbia is like the other Territories, in that its inhabitants have no vote in Presidental elections; and, further, its inhabitants have no vote in any matters whatever. They are governed by Congress, the direct rulers being three commissioners appointed by the President and Senate—two civilians and one army officer of the Engineer Department.

What will preserve forest leaves in their natural color? MILLARD. Varnish. Get white varnish and apply it

in a thin coat over each leaf; then let the leaf dry thoroughly. When dry, the leaves should be kept in a place where the sun will not snine upon them and where as little air as possible will reach them; under these circumstances they will retain much of their color for years.

There was no census of 1892, the last cen-

sus was taken in 1890. By that Chicago held the second place among the large cities of this country, with a population of 1,099,964; and Philadelphia went down to third place, with 1,046,964 persons within her gates.

Where was Mr. Andrew Carnegie born? Chicago.

Mr. Carnegie was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, 57 years ago this month, and came to this country when 10 years old.

A PRODICY PROM RUSSIA.

This One Though Only Twelve Years Old Plays the Violin for Royalty.

Chicago Herald.] A new star has appeared on the musical yet 12 years old, has been "discovered" in Russia. It was through Rubinstein that Kostja Dumtscheff was brought into prominence. He has chosen the violin for his instrument and has given several concerts in St. Petersburg, where he was honored by being ordered to appear before the Czar at the Imperial Court. The Emperor, as well as all others present, was delighted with the boy's performance, which is characterized by a wonderful execution and splendid abandon, totally different from the precise and painfully correct exhibitions generally given by the majority of these "wonderful child performers. Young Dumtscheff is very handsome, healthy-looking lad. He



years, but has been placed under the very best

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

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Lord Gaston Verner is a handsome, but unscrupulous member of society. He has tired of his young and beautiful wife. To rid himself of her he has contrived to throw into her company Lord Wyvis, a man of his own unscrupulous set. Lady Verner discovers his object and determines to avoid public scandal at any cost. At a reception given by Lady Baring, Lady Verner meets Lord Wyvis and intimates her husband's determination. He promises to go away. Verner watches the couple at their tete-a-tete and sees Lord Wyvis kiss Lady Verner's hand. He sets to quarreling with her, though the knows the hour of departure has long since passed, and he has managed so the company knew of her meetting with Lord Wyvis. Lady Baring's mind is poisoned against Lady Verner and she treats her very coolly. On the way home Lord Verner stops at his club, and Lady Verner, instead of going home, goes to Lady Carysfort's home and tells her of her trouble, disclosing that Lord Verner has sent a diamond than to a woman whose name she does not know. She believes that it is in order to marry this woman that Lord Verner wishes to get rid of her. Lady Verner then decides to leave her husband's home during his temporary absence. Her friends wish to have her with them, but she insists on earning her own livelihood. On the recommendation of her aunt she seeks the post of housekeeper for an unknown but presumably old man. SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Is she not passing fair? He is however. Barely half an hour has elansed before she hears steps in the hall outside, quick steps, strong and determined -not by any means the steps of an old

"After all it is not he," says she to herself, and tired, worn out from waiting and thinking, the tears rise to her eyes. The feet of old age go slowly! These feet seem to feel the world as an elastic ball. No! It cannot be Mr. Drayton. How much longer must she sit here in durance viie,

hoping against hope? At this moment the door is flung open by a mysterious hand, and a young man enters

"I'm awfully sorry-" begins he pleasantly, indifferently, and then stops dead short. Rhoda's embarrassment as she rises on his entrance, which is worthy of comment, sinks into insignificance beside his.

"To have kept you waiting." The completion of his sentence is halt, and lame, and blind. Especially blind! He sees no longer anything, except the pale, frightened,

perfect face before him.

"I—" He pauses. "I beg your pardon.

1 was told that—" He breaks off again distractedly. Really it is an impossible situation. Who is this lovely woman? And why has she come here. Many lovely ladies nowadays spend their time going about soliciting alms for the poor, but this lovely lady had made no sign; she had not run through the usual little learned sentence at a hundred words the second. And besides--Peter had distincily said she had come to engage with him as housekeeper. Peter's intellect must

"It I can be of any service to you-" begins he, simply because the stience is growing awful, not because he has anything to

faintly. To her horror she feels the tears risin; to her eyes again, and knows that only a very little more will make her cry I am glad of that," says he. He is still frightfully embarrassed. Peter can't be

Drayton," returns she, quickly, with the

quickness of despair.
"Mr. Drayton?" says he. He moves back 'There is a mistake somewhere," says seeing her tuture master and the meeting The pallor that grows upon her face and the touch of sad grief that accompanies it, only add to the beauty that she already possesses-a beauty that requires no addit

"There is a mistake, I am sure," says she hurriedly. "I-I want to see Mr. Dray-There is a pause, during which the young man has decidedly the worst of it. All up his face a dark red color travels, and pres-ently his eyes fall. They leave hers, and sink to the carpet at her feet. Plainly, for some nuaccountable, unexplainable cause,

he is feeling ashamed of himself.

tone full of abasement. "You!" says she. Involuntarily she withdraws from him, and moves back a step The man her employer! This man the old wormout explorer. Oh, auntie should

have known before she spoke! Why, now that she looks at him afresh, he is the man who crossed that green field leading to the park as she drove down the avenue.
"You—are Mr. Drayton—you?" She recollects hersel; all in a moment, and pulls herself together by a great effort. "If you are Mr. Drayton," says she, "I have come here to-day to-to say-that if," nervously, 'you think you would like me, I should be

'Ab!" says Mr. Drayton. It is the boldest of returns, but just at that moment he feels incapable of anything better. Well, would be hard not to like her! He recovers himself presently.
"I'm sure its very kind of you," says he, stammering. "It's," anxiously, "it's too kind. And, if you really mean it," with a

glad to be-your housekeeper!"

giance at her that requires an answer.
"I mean it, indeed," says she, sadly.
"Well, if you do, I'll be immensely obliged to you if you will try and manage for me, but--Rhoda with a terrible foreboding that he means to decline her services.

raises her eyes to his. You think I shall not be able to perform the duties required of me?" asks she, a suspicion of agony in her soft voice. "Oh, no," vehemently. "Not at all. Not at all! I am only afraid you will hate the duries. There will be the looking after the servants, you know," vaguely, "and

the seeing after everything in fact, and-

and all that sort of thing, you know." His tone is painfully apologetic.
"I think I can manage all that," says she in a low tone. She speaks to him now s her employer, not as the young man whom to her horror she had seen enter the room a lew minutes ago. Her only thought now is to find a place—an honest place— where she can give good work for her wages

and be no burden on her friends. "Well, if you can," says be, and then "It's awfully good of you. I shall be leav-ing here to-morrow, and shau't be back till the 9th of August. If you think "Think?" says she, hesitating, and looking at him with all her heart in her eyes. it, can it be true, that he is really go-

ing to engage her? And without a word as references even?" You will like to see this," says she. holding out to him Lady Barker's letter to Lady Carystort, but he wave: it aside. If you think you will care to undertake the-the duties here," says he in a rather stand aced fashion. I'm sure shall be

greatly obliged to you You mean," says she though the speech has b her. "You really m" me then?" She b gh with-h herself out tears, and s' goes on again "It you w

perplexed. not one to conjure with. | "Ah!" says Mr. Drayton, He has taken

"Rhoda," says she involuntarily, and a

He will be here, you see, and I shall not," with a courteous smile. "Goodby." He pears. "You can," says Rhoda faintly, very

strange duties-and he had asked no que But-good heavens, what a mistake there had been! Auntie must have misunder-stood, or else Lady Barker had been duller,

"You can tell me when I shall see Mr. | had arranged within herself to read the morning and evening papers-the old person of 70 to whom gruel and beef tea would be "grateful, invigorating and refreshing!"

This Mr. Drayton is out of her reckoning Rhods. Both the disappointment of not seeing her inture master and the meeting her, she should not be dissatisfied with with this embarrassed young man have rendered her a very prey to her nerves. The pallor that grows upon her face and weeks, in which she can live and move and the great gardens and flowery shrubberies

unknown.

CHAPTER XIV. "I am Mr. Drayton!" says he at last, in a she looks up at Brenda Bowen, who is

> in a wedgewood bowl. more fully grown, and its still, languorous heat is now almost unbearable.

get rid of her, poor darling." "Well, he has got rid of her now." "Exactly so; but in a fashion that leaves it open to him to accuse her of all sorts of

especially as she herself declared he wa bent on fatally injuring her with society.' "I don't think she cared about anything, poor thing, except getting finally away from him," says Brenda, in low voice. "Ah! but she should have thought. See now the position in which she stands, and I hardly know what to do. I have pledged

my word to her to keep her secret, and yet if I don't speak-" "Oh, auntie! you cannot break faith with

abominable calumnies must be put downthey must be killed at birth, or they will leave an indelible stain on her character. near her, and dropping it again as if con-tact with it offends her-"you hear what he

divorce if he can, by fair means or foul, and he will stop at nothing that will help him to it. fiercely, her dark eyes glowing and the color rising in a rich crimson flood to her white brow, "Oh! what a thing to call a

fort, beginning to sob softly behind her handkerchief. "He is determined that she shan't live. My poor, poor girl!" "Do you know, auntie," says Brends, quickly, "I would rather a thousand times be misjudged by the world than live with

any cost. Only," throwing up her head,"I should have taken him into the divorce eourt, and got rid of him once for all."
"Well, my dear, I think you would show sense in so doing, but poor Rhoda is differ ent. It is not that she has no spirit, but that she shows it in other ways. Here, having dried her eyes, she unfortunately

"Imagine his daring, his insolence, in writing to me-to me, on such a subject, cries she, so vehemently that Miss Bowen

employ a housekeeper, he bows to her, and as a short cut out of the difficulty makes for Half way there, however, he comes to a standstand. Lady Barker must have a most remarkable body of domestics on hand to distribute among her friends! At all events

he should like to know his housekeeper's

"How am I to address you?" asks he, looking at Rhoda with a smile that would have been charming if it had not been so "Clarke. Mrs. Clarke!" says she, almost inaudibly. Brenda and she had decided on this name as a good ordinary all-round sort of name the night before. A usual name-

out a note book, and has written in it. "Christian name?" asks he. Rhoda, not being accustomed to going into service, is not aware that this question is an unusual one. Mr. Drayton himself is not aware of it. As a magistrate—and he has of late been appointed a member of the bench in his own county—he has been accustomed to ask all sorts of questions of all sorts of people, so that no idea of imperti-

nence is in his mind as he puts this question

moment later could have bitten her tongue out for having so far betrayed herself. If -if it should become known, this name of hers, will it not be a clue for him to find "Thank you," says he, "I shall give directions about your luncheon-you must be tamished after your long journey. Peter-you have met my old butler, I think?-will

make you comfortable, and pray let him know your requirements from time to time.

bows to her with a kindly grace, and disap-Rhoda's first thought is one of deep gratitude. She has been engaged, and he is going away for fully three weeks; three weeks in which to accustom herself to her

right, but—if Peter is right—how should he dare to engage such a lady as this as his housekeeper? "How can I help you?"

And all her dreams of coddling and cossetting, and being really invaluable to an old man—where are such dreams now? Gone, gone. Where is he, to whom she gone, gone.

have her being without disturbance of any kind From this until the ninth of next month she can roam freely here, through

and tinted woods, unseen, unthought-of and

Who think too little, and who talk too much. "After all I am dreadfully sorry I ever gave my consent to that mad scheme" says Lady Carvafort, her tone distressed, her whole air full of anxiety. As she speaks

standing beside her, arranging some orchids It is a week later, and therefore July is

"I could have carried her off with m next week on a visit, for an indefinite time -Gaston certainly would have made no objection, he is always only too anxious to

things. It was not well done of her to thus expose her character to his malevolence,

Rhoda "Not even for her own good?" "She would not regard it as for her own "But my dearest girl, consider! These You have read this detestable letter of her husband's?"-taking up a letter that lies says-what he is assiduously spreading from house to house. He means to get this

"He is a villain!" says the girl, almost man! Such as he should not be allowed to

"One thing is certain," says Lady Caryssuch a man as Gaston? I should have done just what Rhoda has done. I should have cut myself off from him finally at

talls again upon the letter that has so up



you," cries Lady Carysfort, rising, and in her excitement looking ten years younger—her lovely complexion a rose pink, her blue wYou shall smart for this," cries he, makeyes flashing, "you will be surprised when

you see me. But no, you shall not see me. I shall receive him alone. I shall show him I am not frightened. I shall in my turn terrify him; I shall crush him with my accusations. I — Good heavens! Brenda, what is that?" The blue eves are flashing no longer, the lovely complexion is quite pale, she almost clings to Brenda as a resounding knock thunders through the hall and into the

small morning room where they are sitting. "It is Sir Gaston's knock," says Brenda, paling in turn. "It is, dearest; I'd know it among a hundred. Brenda," trembling, "he is a very violent person. I think if you were to run out and tell Smithers I'm not at home it

"And yet," says the girl anxiously, "per-haps it would be unwise just now for none of us to see him. He might make mischief

of us to see him. "It might make miscarder even out of that."

"Oh! Brenda, I couldn't," said Lady Carysfort desperately. "I—"

"Well, I will," says Brenda.

"You, darling? But— If you really think some one should see him, Brenda, perhaps I had better stay. But I assure you, I feel quite faint." "I don't," says Brenda. "There, go away auntic, darling, and let me make an excuse for you. Of course, he won't stay when he

finds he can't see you, and I can say with truth you are not well." Indeed, poor Lady Carysfort, in spite of her late warlike attitude, looks now on the verge of a bad illness. She is as white as a "And, Brends, darling, don't ask him to

sit down. Don't shake hands with him if you can help it. Be dignified with him, darling. Now promise me that whatever happens you will be dignified."

"I promise," says Brenda, who is moved between fright and laughter. "And— Oh! good gracious, here he comes!" says Lady Carystort, hearing a footstep outside, and catching up her gown

she runs to the upper door, and on her own part makes an exit that is anything but dig-

CHAPTER XV. His studie was but litel on the Bible. "Good morning!" says Sir Gaston, entering the room with quite a soave smile. He would have held out his hand, but he is wise enough to know by Brenda's cold bow that it will be safer to speak than to act. "Lady Carysfort is at home, I am glad to

"She is at home, certainly, but very unwell, very upset, by-some letter she received. "Ah! No wonder!" says Verner, drawing up his magnificent figure and frowning appreciatively. "One's own niece, you

hear, as I have much to say to her.'

"Really, I don't," says Miss Bowen slowly. You have heard nothing, then Lady Carystort has not confided in you?" Sir Gaston's smile at this moment wakes little demon in Brenda's breast. "I have heard a great deal to your discredit," said she bluntly. "As to Lady Carysfort's own niece—well, I am one of her nieces, and your wife is the other, and

I can assure you she is not in the least uneasy about either of us!"

"As to you, my dear Brenda, I know nothing," says Sir Gaston, shrugging his shoulders, yet giving the girl at the same time a glance of keep appreciation. Brenda time a glance of keen appreciation. Brenda, when righteously aroused, is always at her best. Just now she is looking piquante enough to attract the attention of any man. But my wife is another matter. Even you, partisan as you are, if you look into it, must allow that it is very good of me to still call her my wife.

"IF I CAN BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU." "She is, indeed! Oh! how much too good for that wretched man. The audacity of him, to write to me such infamics. I assure that?" says the girl. "Is it because she is

> ing a step toward her. His tone is violent, but his eyes belie his tone. They are fastened on this pretty creature-this tiny thing who is defying him. "Do not come any nearer to me," says Miss Bowen calmly and with authority, but without a suspicion of fear. She makes a little imperious gesture, and almost to his

were able to frighten poor Rhoda," says she. "But you will never succeed in frightening me." "What do you know about Rhoda?" asks be. "A good deal."

"Do you mean to tell me that you believe she is not with him?" Verner reddens.

earth. Auntie called her a saint, and I think she must be one to have fived with you so long-without committing a mur-

No sense of shame troubles him. "Perhaps you can tell me where your precious cousin is, if not with Wyvis," says he, tauntingly.
"Even it I did know," says she, parrying

selves in every feature. tically, "you are one of the prettiest girls I know Miss Bowen's color fades; she grows pale. Taking up, with deliberation, the few flowers still left upon the table, she makes

up and down; "you are quite the most vulgar man I know." "You shall pay for your insolence," says he between his teeth. Throwing an arm round her, he stoops his handsome face to

right arm, suddenly, unexpectedly, gives him a very smart slap across his face. Partly pain, partly surprise loosens his arm. In another second he finds himself alone in the

Bursting into auntie's room, she finds there not only Lady Carystort but Tom there not only Lady Carysfort but Tom and Gerald Kenrick, who have only just arrived.

"Why, we were going to look for you," or they in a breath, and then in another or you," or they in a breath, and then in another or you." "Why, we were going to look for you,"
cry they in a breath, and then in another
breath, "Good heavens! what's the matter
with you?"
"Oh! that odious, odious man," cries Miss

Gaston?"
"But, my darling, what has happened?" lumbus, O. "Is there any good in you?" asks Brends, exclaims Lady Carretort, rushing soout for take Dr. Stegert's Angostura Bit

nim, to write to me such infamics. I assure you, Brenda, I shall do something this time. I shall demand his presence here. I shall face him. I shall ask him how he dared thus to defame my sweet girl. You shall see how brave I shall be. I can tell well believe it. How can you—a hateful man like you—say one word to the dispar-

n perhaps you can tell me where Lord Wyvis is at present." "Certainly, I cannot. There is little sense, Sir Gaston, in your staying here to insult your wife to me."

"I can tell you more than that. I can tell you, that you," contemptuously, "do not believe it, either." "You have made up your story," says she, "and I have no doubt you will make the most of it. But you know as well as I do that Rhoda is one of the best women on

Sir Gaston, having stared at her for a moment, bursts into a loud laugh. There is admiration in it. This ridiculous little girl who is scolding him with all her might, how pretty she is in her scorn and anger!

the question, "I shouldn't tell you!" Her eyes are flashing, she has tilted her charmng cain, wrath and defiance declare them-"By Jove!" cries Sir Gaston, enthusias-

a step forward.
"And you," says she, looking him slowly With a smothered curse Sir Gaston

Brenda, running quickly up stairs and straight to Lady Carysfort's boudoir, feels her heart sinking within her. Alas! for her "dignity!" What had she done? Boxed his ears! Oh, how hatefully it sounds! Auntie will be shocked—horrified!

Brenda stands quite still, but, raising her

Bowen, giving dignity a wide room, and now stamping her little toot furiously upon the ground. "Talk of dignity, auntie, who could be dignified with a—a wreter like

What is the population of Chicago, and that of Philadelphia, by the census of 1892? ARTHUR.

crucifixion to have been due to an eclipse of

We can't. Josephus, who cared nothing about Christ, and so cannot be accused of trying to belittle the crucifixion, makes note of a general eclipse of the sun in the ear and at the time of the crucifixion. All commentators, however, do not accept Josephus' record, and say that as the Passover was timed by the full moon, Josephus' eclipse could not have occurred on the day of the crucifixion. Those who accept Josephus' testimony say that the Hebrew calendar was so far wrong that though the Passover should have been at the time of the full moon, it actually came at the time of the new moon. Some commentators ascribe the darkness to the exhalations often noticed as preceding an earthquake

My ancestors on my mother's side for three generations have lived in this country, and I think some of them served in the out definitely? Almost all, if not all, of the 13 original has the best record, we believe, and Pennsylvania comes second, with a very com-

in the War of Independence.

Why did President Arthur take the oath of officeat his home, and again in Washing-ton? W. M. B.

A man born in this country of unnaturalized parents becomes of age: can be vote, his parents never having become edizeus?

W. A. B., Js. This man has two alternatives; he may

will not be permitted to travel for several When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

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